RELICS OF DICKENS.

MANY QUAINT BUILDINGS MADE FAMOUS BY THE NOVELIST.

Localities Peopled by the Genius of the Master Hand, with Characters That Appeal to All, Are Fast Disappearing from Old London—Bleak House.

Ere long another of the fast vanishing localities, peopled by the genius of the master novelist with characters more real to us in some respects than their present inhabitants, will be nonexistent. Entering Lincoln's-inn-fields from Great Queen street, turn to the right, pause at 58, and picture Mr. Tulkinghorn emerging one evening from chambers where "lawyers lie like maggots in nuts." Imagine him walking through the inn, passing beneath its ancient Tudor gateway, and visiting Mr. Snagsby, the law stationer in Cook's court, Cursitor street, with a view of ascertaining where Nemo, the mysterious law writer, lives.

A little to the south of Old Buildings, on the west side of Chancery lane, are Bishop's court and Chichester Rents, the latter approached through a tunneled passage alongside the Three Tuns public house. To the Rents came the "two gentlemen, not very neat about the cuffs and buttons," who instituted perquisitions through the court, dived into the Sol's parlor and wrote with ravenous little pens on tissue paper "those sensational reports of the inquest which had just been held at that well known and popular house of entertainment, the Old Sol's Arms."

"Sol's is the present Old Ship Tavern. It stands at the head of the court, facing it on one side and the wall of Lincoln Inn on the other. It is certainly ancient enough, and on the first floor can still be seen the identical long, low room where the coroner presided, and where little Swills, the comic vocalist, presented to the harmonic meeting his admirable impersonation of that important official.

So far identification is plain sailing. But where was the famous rag and bottle shop, whose gin soaked proprietor died from spontaneous combustion? Mr. Rimmer, in "About London with Dickens," is silent on the subject. The writer of "Dickens' London" thinks it must have stood in Bishop's court hard by—for no other reason apparently than the fact of its being "an old, narrow, dreary, decaying and mournful passage, just the place in which such people as the poor law writer and crazy Miss Flite would have made a home."

But a careful study of every allusion made by Dickens to the locality will, I think, show that Mr. Pemberton is probably mistaken. Krook's shop is spoken of as "lying and being in the shadow of the wall"—"blinded by the wall." No house in Bishop's court exactly answers to this description. On the contrary, the only likely one at the corner next to Old Sol's faces an open passageway which leads to New square. Krook's must therefore be sought for at Nos. 8 and 9 in the Rents (now occupied by a law stationer), opposite the Old Ship, fronting the court on one side and on the other "within a couple of yards off and entirely blinded by the wall" so often referred to in the narrative.

Miss Flite, meeting Esther Summerson and the wards in chancery one morning in Old square, invited them to come and see her lodgings. So close by did she live that, "slipping out at a little side gate," she "stopped most unexpectedly in a narrow back street" (Star yard, leading to Carey street), "part of some courts and lanes immediately outside the wall of the inn," and she was at home. She lodged in a garret at the top of Krook's shop, described as "blinded by the wall of Lincoln's Inn, which intercepted the light within a couple of yards." She lived in a pretty large room, from which she had a glimpse of the roof of Lincoln's Inn hall; the new one, be it remembered, for the old hall is entirely shut out from view by the tall houses in old buildings.

It is during the visit that the poor little creature draws aside the curtain of the long, low garret window and calls attention to a number of bird cages hanging there, whose occupants Lady Jane, the cat, is forever striving to devour, crouching "on the parapet outside for hours and hours." This is conclusive testimony, for no other house in either court—save the Old Ship—possesses an attic with an outside parapet. The windows are mostly dormers, or flush with the wall, while from no other garret window—except Sol's—can a glimpse of the old hall roof be had. This can readily be tested by standing close to the hall and looking through the trees toward Chichester Rents, where the slated top story and long, low garret window of the rag and bottle shop may be identified.

In a miserable back room on the second floor of this dismal abode Captain Hawdon, alias Nemo, was found dead by Mr. Tulkinghorn and Krook—dying by his own hands from an overdose of opium. "To a hemmed in churchyard, pestiferous and obscene, they take our dear brother here departed and lower him down a foot or two." On the steps leading to this charnelhouse Dame Durden finds her mother, "with one arm creeping around a bar of the iron gate and seeming to embrace it." This spot is rather hard to find, but walk up Catherine street from the Strand, and half way up on the right turn into Russell court leading into Drury lane, and midway to the left of this passage, is the approach to the "consecrated ground."

The little tunnel of a court is much as it was forty years ago. But the lamp is gone, and the old iron gate is not the one depicted by H. K. Browne. Children now play as best they can on the asphalted surface of the hemmed in area, where once poor Jo saw the mortal remains of the stranger who had been "werry good" to him put into the ground "werry nigh the top."—St. James Gazette.

As long ago as 1866, Behm, a leading German authority, estimated the population of the earth at about 1,400,000,000.

A Ten Thousand Year Clock.

Herr A. Noil, of Berlingen, Germany, has constructed the most marvelous timepiece that was ever evolved from the human mind. Calculations based on two years of solid going prove what the maker claims for his wonderful clock, viz., that it will run for 10,000 years without winding. Hands on the dial point to the time of day, the day, the week, months, seasons and years. It also calculates the changes in the moon and tells when the sun is "fast" or "slow." The clock is the result of five years of patient, arduous labor.—St. Louis Republic.

She Would Not Pay for the Dance.

When a youthful admiralty clerk gets up a ball which "is not a success," and induces a young lady to go to it, ought the young lady's papa to pay for the ticket? Out of this difficult ethical problem there sprang a feud which has carried turmoil, confusion and violence into the usually tranquil neighborhood of the Elsham road, Kensington.

The admiralty official already referred to appears to have cherished the idea that ball tickets which were used ought to be paid for. He accordingly called at the Elsham Road House, where resided a Mr. Mappin, and asked to see Mrs. Mappin. He was received on the doorstep by two young Mappins, who apparently were expecting him, and was informed the lady he desired to see was "not at home."

What immediately followed is a matter of dispute, but at all events there can be no doubt that the debt collecting clerk speedily found himself hustled down the steps and into the road. As the ball itself had failed, one of the Mappins tried to make up for it by a dance on the pavement, with the clerk as an unwilling partner. He has been bound over to keep the peace, and it is truly deplorable to find so little harmony prevailing in connection with such a subject as dance music. The "light fantastic toe" should never be employed to kick even an unwelcome caller down the front steps.—London Telegraph.

A Substitute for Kissing.

To some members of the community it may be a shock to learn that kissing is doomed. Fashion, in the shape of the New York woman, has decided that it is high time to abolish the custom among women, and it is only a matter of time before the humblest and the most gushing among them must yield. For some time past there has been a lack of the indiscriminate embracing in public for which we were once criticised, but now the fin de siecle woman is carrying the reform into her home. Even in solitude she does not kiss her friend.

There is, however, a very pretty substitute for the tabooed embrace. Mrs. Manhattan now gives Miss Murray Hill a gentle tap on the shoulder and murmurs, "Consider yourself kissed!" and Miss Murray Hill then trips thankfully away with the sentiment in her heart, and, what is much more important to her, with her vest and bangs in good order and in the right place.—New York World.

A Fish Caught His Toe.

A most singular accident befell A. M. Moore on the Fourth of July at Eagle lake, I. T. Mr. Moore, with a party of several others, went into camp at the lake on the evening of the 3d. In the morning Moore, with his fishing pole, waded out to a log on the lake, where he sat down. He was barefooted. While moving his left foot to and fro in the water a large fish, supposed to be a black bass, made a sudden lunge and grabbed the toe in its mouth, sinking the teeth into the flesh to the bone.

Moore rolled from the log into the water, which was waist deep. He waded to the shore, the bass still clinging to the toe. In shallow water Moore gathered the fish and pried open the mouth, the fish escaping into the lake. The toe is so badly lacerated that Moore is unable to walk and the member will probably have to be amputated.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Attorneys Are Angry.

He was an undersized, meek looking man, and was brought up before the United States commissioners at Atoka, I. T., charged with horse stealing. He had several horses, but no money, and two of the brightest of Atoka's lawyers offered to help him out of his trouble, partly from sympathy. The case against him looked strong, but his meek appearance seemed to offset the evidence and he was acquitted.

He gave to each of the lawyers one of his ponies as pay for their services. The lawyers put them out to pasture. The same night the little man stole back the horses and skipped from the vicinity. The lawyers who proved he couldn't steal a horse are now after him with a warrant, and the citizens want to subscribe a medal to go with the warrant. —Chicago News.

The Camerist and the Squaw.

A Presbyterian divine recently visited this city only to have a somewhat startling experience. While near the Union station he thought it would be a fine thing to shoot his kodak at a Ute squaw; but when the squaw saw the kodak pointed toward her she thought she was being bewitched, and pulling a large knife from under her dress she made a desperate lunge for the dominie. He saw what was coming, and dropped the kodak in his fright and made a very undignified dive for the other side of the street. The squaw captured the witch instrument, and after demolishing it replaced her knife with a satisfactory grunt and marched triumphantly away.—Denver News.

Pleasures of Life in Kansas.

A big swarm of bees has found a comfortable lodging between the ceiling and second floor of the kitchen of Harrell's house, in Naron township. Mr. Harrell has quietly run a tube up through the ceiling and tapped the store of honey for table use. The flow of honey is regulated right at the table with an ordinary spigot.—Preston Plain Dealer.

An Added Horror.

An Ishpeming (Mich.) clergyman, who lost $900 by leaving it on a railroad train, has an added chill every time he thinks of the finder spending a fifty cent piece minted in 1829. It is worth seventy-five dollars.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Photographs of the Sultan's Arabs.

Abdullah Bros., photographers to his imperial majesty the sultan, are now taking views of the Arab horses in the imperial stables. These photographs will be placed in an album and sent to the Chicago fair.—Levant Herald.

Hot Weather Discussions.

The Concord School of Philosophy is now only a memory—or should we call it a vanished nightmare?—but the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, now in session on Staten Island, seems to be a not unworthy successor. When neither heat nor humidity can deter men from discussing such questions as "Where was man before he was?" it is evident that the genius which made Concord famous is not yet extinct.—Providence Journal.

There were seventeen young men in the graduating class at Harvard who failed to get their degrees this year.

IN THE DEAD HAND.

They tell the tale unsmiling,
Old men, their hours beguiling
As they can:
Each annual November
They sadden who remember
Inkermann.

Yet of that field one story
Shines through the gloom and glory
Of the fight:
Over the cannons' roaring
There sings a lark song soaring
Out of sight.

Aloof, where men lay bleeding,
In fatal pain whose pleading
Made no cry,
Shot pierced and saber smitten,
A young and gallant Briton
Crept to die.

At sunset there they found him
With the red snow around him,
And his hand
Laid on the Book whose healing
All hearts to heaven appealing
Understand.

And 'neath his frozen fingers
Those words whose hope outlingers
Human strife
Glowed like a star's reflection—
"I am the Resurrection
And the Life."

Comrades to burial bore him,
But not death's rending tore him
From his prize,
For to his hand caressing
Still clung the leaf whose blessing
Closed his eyes.

O Christian song supernal,
Words sweetest love eternal
Ever said!
Peace at your call comes flying,
And they who clasp you dying
Are not dead.

—Theron Brown in Youth's Companion.

Great Expectations.

Mother—My daughter, you should decide in favor of one of your admirers or you may lose both.

Daughter—Pa, I can't make up my mind which to accept, Henry or George.

"Then I am to understand that you love them both?"

"Yes, I love them both most devotedly."

"Which of them has the largest income?"

"Henry has seventy-five dollars a month and George has fifty dollars."

"Then I don't see why you hesitate. Accept Henry, of course, and tell George to go about his business."

"Yes, but George has great prospects."

"Humbug! Prospects don't count. Everybody has got great prospects, and twenty-five dollars a month is very handsome interest on such a capital as 'great prospects.' Next time George calls tell him that you can never be more than a sister to him, and get rid of him." —Texas Siftings.

Why Boiled Water Freezes Easily.

Water which is hot of course cannot freeze until it has parted with its heat; but water that has been boiled will, other things being equal, freeze sooner than water which has not been boiled. A slight disturbance of water disposes it to freeze more rapidly, and this is the cause which accelerates the freezing of boiled water. The water that has been boiled has lost the air naturally contained in it, which on exposure to the atmosphere it begins again to attract and absorb. During this process of absorption a motion is necessarily produced among its particles, slight certainly and imperceptible, yet probably sufficient to accelerate its congelation. In unboiled water this disturbance does not exist; indeed water when kept perfectly still can be reduced several degrees below the freezing point without its becoming ice.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Mothers' Ways.

Mrs. Spoots (looking out of the window)—Goodness! Here comes that horrid Mrs. Waggles and all her children. What shall I do?

Aunt Totsie—I know! Johnny, as soon as they get seated you say you don't feel well, do you hear?

Johnny (two minutes later)—I feel awful sick.

Aunt Totsie—Oh, let me see your throat. Mercy on us! I hope you aren't going to have diphtheria.

Mrs. Waggles—I hope not! Come, children! We only dropped in for a moment.—Philadelphia Times.

Italians Eat a Great Deal of Flour.

The Italian peasant probably consumes more flour than the peasant of any other European country, because the manufacture of flower into various forms of macaroni is common in all the poorer Italian households. Italians are peculiarly ingenious also in their treatment of dough, which they make into many curious and appetizing forms.—Yankee Blade.

The English Army on Parade and in Battle

It is stated that when the English army is on dress parade, you can tell to which corps a man belongs from the badge upon the lapel of his coat; but when the army goes into the fight, the lapel is turned over and all distinctions are gone.

A new arrangement for the detection of fire damp consists in pumping the air into a testing room and testing it with a Bunsen burner. If the air contains a dangerous quantity of fire damp it ignites, and, moving a valve, sounds a gong of warning.

Four different peaks in the mountains of Idaho are from thirteen to twenty-three feet lower by actual measurement than they were fifteen years ago. Geologists do not attempt to explain the "why" of their settling.

The burial mounds of sand in Florida are rapidly disappearing in consequence of the way in which they are disturbed by treasure seeking natives and relic hunting tourists.

The body loses through the feet by heat radiation, especially when the ground is wet, a tremendous percentage of the heat production unless the feet are well protected.

In Norway married couples are charged a fare and a half when traveling on the railway. This is one of the privileges conferred on married people there.

About six months ago an Indian named O-we-o, of the Umatilla reservation in Oregon, was killed by a railroad train. Some time previous to his death he had borrowed twenty dollars from a bank in Pendleton, giving his note secured by the name of another Indian, She-wa-wa. O-we-o's wife, Lucy, skinned dead sheep found on the ranges during the winter and spring and hustled hard in other ways until she had scraped together about twenty-five dollars. Last week she went to the bank and paid her husband's note, and also insisted on paying the interest to the astounded cashier. The bank refused to accept the interest. —Detroit Free Press.

A SENSIBLE MOVE

A New York Republican Ex-Assemblyman Becomes a Democrat.

D. Morgan Hildreth, who was elected to the assembly last year by the Republicans of the Twenty-first district, has written a letter to John Proctor Clarke, president of the Republican organization of that district, in which he says:

"Permit me to tender to the Republican organization through you my resignation as a member thereof. Up to the present time I have actively co-operated with Republicans, and in so doing I was actuated by a belief that the platform of the two great parties represented the sincere principles of government which were placed in issue in each succeeding election.

"I realize that I have received at the hands of the Republican organization of the Twenty-first election district the highest honor it had to confer in my nomination and election as a member of assembly from that district, one of the few Republican organizations in the city of New York capable of so honoring one of its constituents.

"I have certainly naught to complain of in the treatment I have received at the hands of the leaders of the district. For all favors bestowed upon me I am sincerely grateful. I have come to believe, however, the fact to be that the professions of the Republican party are insincere, and that the platforms adopted in the past have been adopted solely with a view of inducing such enthusiastic theorists as myself to swear allegiance to that party.

"Therefore I now retire from what seems to me to be a field of hypocrisy to which I was allured by blandishments, misstatements and deception. The only issue that I recognized in the years that I have actively participated in politics as existing between the two dominant political parties was that of protection. I believed in it on principle. I believe in it today, provided that its attendant advantages can be made universal and not special."

Mr. Hildreth goes on to say that the protective system as applied to manufacturers and laborers gives the former all advantages through the increased prices they are able to charge for articles, and that the wages of workmen are not correspondingly increased. He concludes:

"My allegiance to the Republican party in the past has been induced by exaction of conscience, and I now retire from that party because of the fact that I have learned from experience to know and believe in its absolute insincerity in this one cardinal issue as demonstrated in practice."—New York Herald.

A False Definition.

The statement that a tariff for revenue "confines the dutiable list to noncompetitive products" is a false definition. The Democratic platform advances no such theory. The Democratic candidate in his celebrated message to congress clearly stated that he favored such an adjustment of the tariff as would conserve the interests of American manufacturing and American labor. At Madison Square garden he said: "Ours is not a destructive party. We are not at enmity with the rights of any of our citizens. All are our countrymen. We are not recklessly heedless of any American interests, nor will we abandon our regard for them."—Exchange.

Their Tune Has Changed.

Republican leaders ought to feel a little cheap themselves to be telling their followers that things have never been so cheap as now, when not many months ago their present chief, whom they so stoutly profess to worship, expressed great contempt for cheap things, saying that when you see a cheap coat "you generally expect to find a cheap man under it." Now the tune appears to run the other way, and to insist that the McKinley bill has rather depressed prices—made them cheaper instead of making them dearer, as it was planned to do, and as it has undoubtedly done.—Portland (Me.) Eastern Argus.

How Much Do You Get?

Mr. Carnegie draws $4,500,000 a year as his part of the profits of the iron business—that is, he gains every second ninety-five cents; every minute, $3.70; every hour, $343.40; every day, $4,120.85; every week, $28,846.50; every month, $125,000. How much do you get out of the tariff? Let every man answer this question for himself, remembering that every dollar Carnegie makes is pure bounty, according to the statement of the protectionists, because, if they tell the truth, manufactures would not pay at all in this country but for this blessed tariff.—Salem (N. C.) People's Press.

What is there in the fragrance of new mown hay that surpasses in this occult power almost all other perfumes? Is it that the very essence of imperishable vitality, the earth mother's strength and enfolding love, is contained in the grass—the patient, long suffering, sturdy, multitudinous, beautiful grass—which feeds the cattle and carpets the hills, and creeps to the very edge of the roadside, and springs up in the ruts, and spreads its soft, thick coverlet over the graves of our dead? Nothing else so rests the tired eye, so springs back under the tired foot. When the vagrant impulse awakens in our breasts, the nomad instinct stirs, we are fain to go where the grasses wave and the old trees lean lovingly over them.

The wearied man of business, hard pressed with the routine of the counting room, becomes a boy once more if he can but secure a holiday in the time of making hay. He goes into the field with buoyant step, and you hear his voice ringing in a joyous shout as he counts the rolling swaths.

How children love to tumble in the hay, and how defrauded they are of one of childhood's chief delights if they never know the glory of riding homeward to the barn on top of the great billowy load!—Harper's Bazar.

The original first piano made by the late Jonas Chickering, of Boston, founder of the piano industry in the United States, has just been recovered by his son, George H. Chickering, and is to be kept by the latter gentleman as a historic memento. The original bill of sale was made out to James H. Bingham, and the date, June 23, 1823, marks the time of the first sale made of a new piano at the factory, then consisting of two rooms on Tremont street, next to King's chapel graveyard, in a small building located where the probate court building now is.

Mr. Bingham was a friend of Jonas Chickering, and he bought the piano for a Miss Thankful C. Hutchinson, at Atsted, N. H., whence it was shipped.

The poor punka "cooly"—the name has an appropriateness which is in itself refreshing in these days of Indian temperature—is it appears destined to be superseded by a "patent-compressed-air-punka-pulling machine," which has been tried at Fort William and adopted on a large scale. The military authorities have, it is stated, ordered the necessary plant for pulling the whole of the punkas in the Dalhousie barracks, a number exceeding 600. The barracks are divided into three flats, with six rows of punkas in each, and the pullers are stated to be fixed at the end of the rows in such wise that each machine is pulling over fifty punkas.—London News.

Large Pine Land Sale.

The lumber firm of Wright, Davis & Co., of Duluth, has disposed of one of the largest tracts of pine lands ever closed out in the west. Besides being heavy owners of pine in the Duluth district, the firm owned 4,000,000,000 feet of standing timber on Swan river, a tributary of the Mississippi. This has all been sold to the Pine Tree Lumber company, a Weyerhauser concern, for a sum approximating $1,800,000. The timber will be sawed at towns along the Mississippi river above Minneapolis, and this concentrates all Wright, Davis & Co.'s business at Duluth.—Winona (Minn.) Republican.

Lived for Years in a Hollow Tree.

William Spooner, about seventy years of age, died suddenly Saturday at Milan, Tenn. He had gone to a neighbor's house and eaten breakfast, when he dropped dead. For eight years he refused to live in a house, and for a number of years lived in a hollow tree, doing his own cooking and washing. He was robbed of several thousand dollars, and this loss probably unbalanced his mind. —Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Enterprising Rosebush.

Mr. George R. Carter, of Belfast, has a rosebush that is given to peculiar freaks. The bush was a white moss rose ten years ago. For a number of years it bore handsome, large white moss roses. Then for two years in succession the bush bore both red and white flowers, one branch having white and one red roses. For the past two years the roses have been all white, while this year they are all red.—Belfast (Me.) Republican-Journal.

From a Mummy's Hand.

Mr. White settled in Riverside about a year ago, coming from England. He brought with him some dried peas taken from the hand of the mummy of an Egyptian princess by an explorer of the ruins of Karnac and supposed to be 3,042 years old. The peas were planted by Mr. White and, strangely enough, have grown and produced a crop of unusual magnitude.—San Francisco Examiner.

Taking Care of the Flies.

A Saco (Me.) man put screens on his doors and windows to keep his flies in. He has no hope of keeping them out, and he doesn't want them associating with the gamins on the street and losing their manners.—Bangor Commercial.

Mr. Flamand, who has been studying the inscribed stones in the southeastern part of Algeria, has found rocks upon which men, women and children, who were evidently prehistoric, are represented.

Oscar Wilde is said to be deep in the development of a new flower, a golden veined tulip, which he declares to be "a triumph of classic horticulture."